

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

The record of yesterday's happenings in and around New York shows that sojourners in and visitors to the metropolis cannot complain of lack of excitement. Two collisions in the harbor during the fog, one of them attended by loss of life, a fatal accident due to overcrowding on an elevated road race train, a number of New York people injured in New Jersey in an attempt to escape from an impending collision between two trains on the Jersey Central, make up a record of events deeply interesting to the newspaper reader, but disagreeable to those who are compelled against their will to take part in them.

Every one of these accidents was due to negligence or incompetence and might have been avoided. One of the harbor collisions involves a personal liability for manslaughter. The elevated road accident was clearly due to the inadequate train and platform service for the crowds who use the road. On the Jersey Central no precaution seems to have been omitted to insure a wholesale slaughter of passengers. One of the trains at the crossing was "running wild"; it was unable to stop, though steam had been shut off at the station a mile and a half away; the brakes on the accommodation train are not intended to work except in fine weather. And lastly, it appears that Jersey Central trains instead of slowing down at crossings keep up full speed—doubtless so as to get past the danger spot.

Life in and around New York need never lack excitement.

**Robbignaz and Lilliput.**—Thus doth it appear that the little finger of Croker is larger than the whole body of the schemes of Tammany.

## THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Beginning with this 20th of May, 1902, "Cuba Libre," which for fifty years has been an aspiration, becomes a fact and the event is a notable one in world-history. It is the first instance in history in which a strong nation has borne the cost and loss of a war for the sake of conferring freedom on an oppressed and subject people. The gift of freedom which we make to Cuba to-day is the most generous of all gifts, and above all, it is made without even the suspicion of a selfish motive. Success and prosperity to the new republic! It is one of the world's beauty spots. Favored as it is by nature, in the hands of its own people and with our strong hand ready to help at need, there is no other future before it but one of success and prosperity.

**The World's Lead.**—Acting on the suggestion of The World of Saturday, the State Department yesterday advised the suspension of further subscriptions to Martinique relief funds. The World's report of the situation was correct.

## REMOVAL IS CONFESSION.

After stoutly insisting that there was no such thing as a Beef Trust, three members of the trust doing business in New York, Swift & Co., Armour & Co. and G. H. Hammond & Co., yesterday removed their books and office fixtures to Jersey City to place them out of the jurisdiction of the State of New York. Schwarzschild & Sulzberger are to remove their books to-day, and it is reported that the offices of Cudahy & Co. and Nelson Morris & Co. are also to be removed out of the State.

Removal is confession.  
The Beef Trust is on the run.

**The Coroner Again.**—The Coroner's jury in the Ford case has returned a verdict declaring that Malcolm W. Ford was "in a state of temporary insanity" when there was not a vestige of testimony to support this verdict and abundant testimony to the contrary could have been had if needed.

## THEY PRESS THE BUTTON.

Now it is a Kodak Trust, with a capital of \$35,000,000, in which there is presumably no greater percentage of water than in other trust stocks. The manufacturers provide the shares and the public will do the rest, and doubtless "look pleasant" while going down in its pockets. It is an extraordinary development in mercantile importance of what was put on the market as a toy, but has become an article of utility which it would be hard for the world to do without.

It is a matter of general belief that several manufacturers of photographic supplies "missed it" by refusing a snapshot camera when it was first offered them by the inventors some fifteen years ago. This was certainly true of two New York firms. What a man's reflections must be as he sees a rival profiting by a tactical business mistake depends, of course, on his temperament. The kodak has made such reflections plentiful, and it is to be hoped profitable.

**No Escape.**—It appears that it is not in the power of Congress to prevent the acceptance of the statue of the old tyrant Frederick the Great which his despotic descendant, Kaiser Wilhelm, has presented to the nation. The statue is a magnificent work of art, and it will be appropriately placed in front of the War College—the one institution of this country which the grim old fighter would contemplate with approval.

## A "FLY COP'S" GREAT FEAT.

Readers of The World will recall the fact that two weeks or so ago a maid disappeared from the house of Mrs. Porter F. Chambers, in West Fifty-seventh street, with valuable jewels belonging to her mistress. When the girl applied for employment her pretty face made the examination of references so unnecessary a formality that it was dispensed with and she was engaged on the spot. This girl was Elsa Wilson, and since her disappearance, which occurred two hours after her engagement, the Central Office men have been straining their eyes to find her. Sunday Detective-Sergeant Leonard had her under arrest for another offense, but it did not occur to his guileless mind that she was the much-sought Elsa and she was let go in Jefferson Market Court. It was not till later in the day when a jealous lover "peached" upon her that the police discovered they had their bird. Elsa is now in jail, where her selfish lover prefers to have her rather than in the company of his rival.

The jealous lover as an instrument of justice would furnish an interesting theme for editorial remark, but we must regard the great astuteness displayed in this case by Capt. Titus and his "fly cops" as of more immediate interest. Has Sherlock Holmes in his contributions to detective bureau literature revealed anything surpassing it in sleuthing brilliance and dash? Nothing that we can recall of his fiction excels in dramatic features this real-life performance by the captain. When he retires from the position to which his talents have long been lent he should favor the public with a volume of memoirs. The full relation of this episode would do much to assure a large sale of the book.

## The Funny Side of Life.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN

**A FUTURE MODEL.**  
"I see it isn't fashionable any longer, to have a high polish on your shoes."  
"When it becomes stylish to have a few patches on them, too, I shall lead the fashion."

**UNCUT LEAVES.**  
"I'm so fond of that book you wrote, I regard each page of it as a personal friend."  
"From its appearance I surmise you are too polite to cut your friends."

**BETWEEN TWO MICROPHONES.**  
Said the winsome little maiden:  
"If the kiss is microphone-laden, Then this kissing's unhygienic, there's no doubt.  
But, considering circumstances, I prefer to take my chances.  
Than to catch the 'Old Maid Microbe,' as I might, without."

**A SURE THING.**  
"He proposed to a deaf mute."  
"What for?"  
"He wanted to be sure of proposing to some one who couldn't say 'No.'"

## BORROWED JOKES.

**WIT IN OTHERS.**  
"I suppose those newly rich friends of yours will entertain in society next season."  
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "they won't entertain. They will amuse."—Washington Star.

**COMPOSITE SUCCESS.**  
Sidney—Rodney, you live by your wits, don't you?  
Rodney—Well, partly and partly by other people's lack of wits.—Detroit Free Press.

**FRUGAL.**  
"Roast beef, corned beef."  
"Beef?" snorted the economical guest.  
"Beef?" I can't afford luxuries. Bring me some strawberry shortcake!"—Chicago Tribune.

**OTHER WAY AROUND.**  
"What do you think of my idea of making Christians of the Chinese?"  
"Well," answered the eminent Calvinist, "judging from what I hear of New York and Philadelphia politics I must say I am inclined to hope for more or less heathenism among Americans."—Washington Star.

## SOMEBODIES.

**BEDDELL, MRS. JULIA**—who was a friend of Commodore Decatur, has just celebrated her one hundred and first birthday at Bayonne, N. J.

**BRADFORD, D. P.**—seventh in line from John Bradford, the first Governor of Massachusetts, lives in South Dakota, where he has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday.

**DRAPER, A. S.**—President of the University of Illinois, who was injured recently in a railroad accident, has received a year's vacation with full pay.

**MORGAN, J. P.**—has been elected a member of a numismatic society. His marvelous proficiency in wholesale coin collecting should win him instant election as the society's president.

**OVERTUN, LORD**—has for thirty-two years conducted a Bible class numbering 448 members at Dunbarton, Scotland.

**PARRY, D. M.**—President of the National Association of Manufacturers, rises at 5.30 each morning and is at his desk at 6.45. The "rush hour" crowds on cars probably do not bother him.

**RIDDLE, A. G.**—the author, who has just died at Washington, was, while in Congress, the first man to advocate the arming of the slaves and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

**WHITE, GRAHAM**—has been offered by King Edward the post of "Master of the King's Motor Cars" in the royal household.

## THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

Dead in the battle—dead on the field;  
More than his life can a soldier yield?  
Dead for his country. Muffle the drums;  
Slowly the sad procession comes.  
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell  
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.  
His blood has burnished his saber bright;  
To his memory, honor, to him, good night.  
—Elizabeth Harman, in Lippincott.

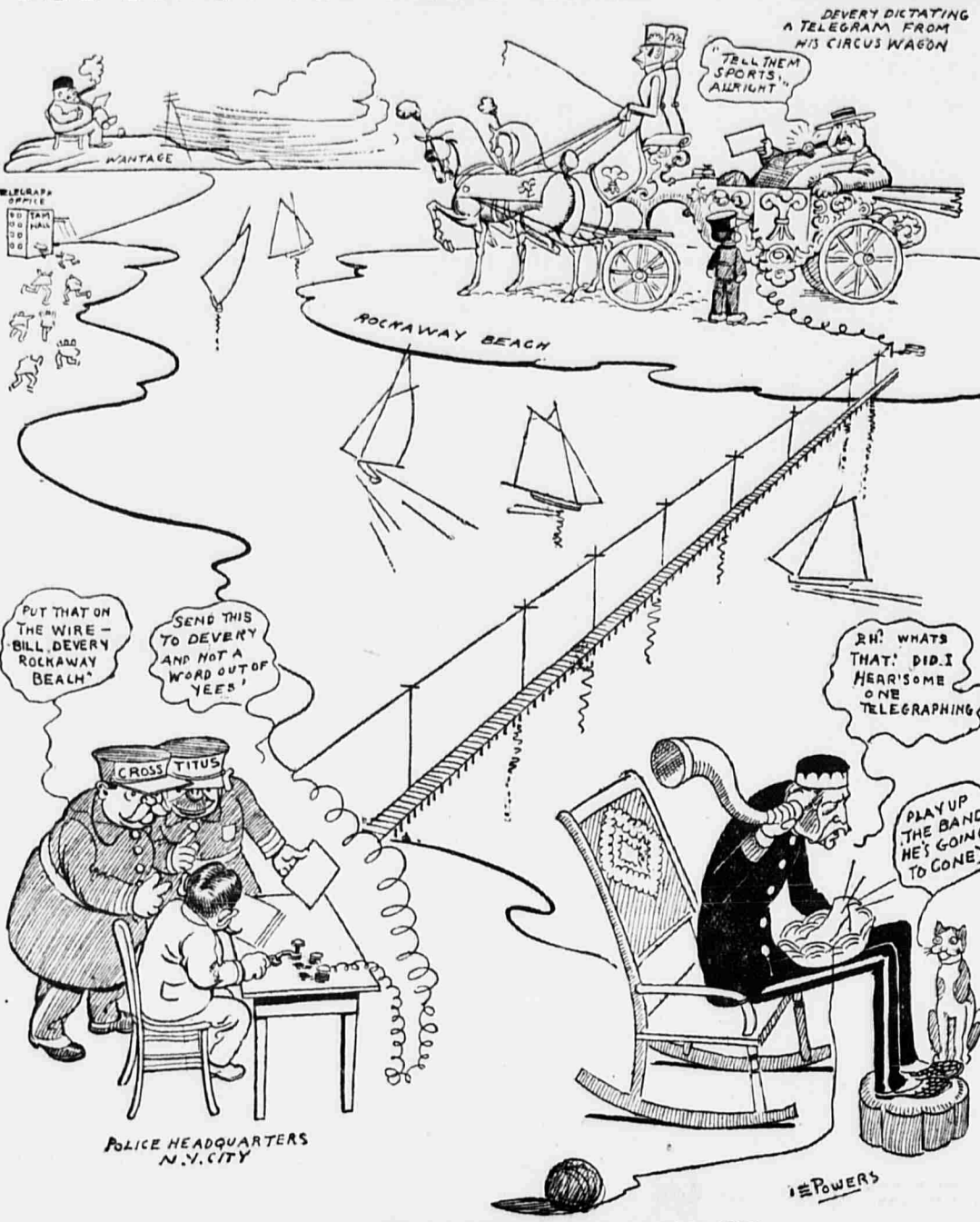
## How Many Hours?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In olden times people said in regard to the hours of sleep, "Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, nine for a fool." Another old proverb used to say, "Nature requires five hours' sleep, custom requires seven." What, in readers' opinion, is the exact amount of sleep needed by a grown person?  
PERPLEXED.

## Who Envis The Times?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The gentleman I am engaged to care for nothing for the amusements that interest me. He likes to stay at home evenings reading aloud. I loathe that, for I want to be always on the go. He

## ROCKAWAY JUST LIKE WANTAGE.



## ANOTHER KITCHEN CABINET.

Svengali Cross (telegraphing to his baby at Rockaway Beach)—Everything running smoothly. Made a cup of tea for the Colonel this morning. All out of knockout drops, but made a few passes over his eyebrow; he slept until noon. We will send him to Bergen Beach to-day accompanied by a brass band, so they won't know he is coming. Think Jerome is all right. Offered me a pipe to-day, but refused. What more will we do to Churchill?  
P. S.—How is the new wagon?

## WITH EFFORT.



Captain—I see you're not seasick yet.  
Hobbs—Oh, no. I'm still holding my own.

## HIS OPPORTUNITY.



Har—Father—Wow, my foot's asleep again.  
Algernon (rising hastily)—I—er—think I will bid you good evening.

## SELF-FLATTERY.



Muttony—Well, there's one advantage to be found in these help-yourself restaurants—you always have an intelligent person to wait on you!

## PURE NERVE.



Officer (at night)—Here! Here! Where're you going with that horse?  
Sir—He's a horse that I'm tired of supporting! an' I was just goin' to leave him in somebody else's barn.

## A SIMPLE PROBLEM.



Old Gent—If your father works for a living, what do you sell papers for?  
Boy—Huh, dat's easy. Sells 'em for a cent apiece.

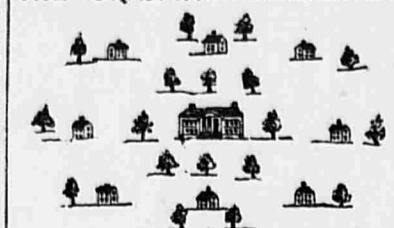
## TRUST-RIDDEN.



"Will you trust me for that steak?"  
"Ach, no! I have too much trust on my hands now already."

## ODDITY CORNER.

## THE GRASPING LANDLORD.



Suppose a certain landlord had eight apple trees around his mansion, around these eight houses of his tenants, around these ten pear trees. He wants to have the whole of the pear trees to himself and allot to each of his tenants one of his apple trees in their place. How must he construct a fence or hedge to accomplish it? The answer will be printed to-morrow.

## GIRLS IN THE PULPIT.

At the First United Brethren Church, Indianapolis, the pastor was called out of town and the meeting was turned over to the young ladies. Three of them preached sermons, which not only pleased themselves, but the people who heard them. They were distinctly original. Miss Lou Rubush took for her subject "The Attitude of the Young Lady Toward Intemperance." Here is what she said about a woman remaining an old maid:

"You would better be a typical old maid, with blue goggles and corked curls, sipping tea by a comfortable fire-side, with no company but a cat and a polli parrot, than to be a wife and mother with a drunken brute for a hearth-rug and crying, starving children at your knee. It isn't such a terrible disgrace to be an old maid, for an old maid is not such a monstrosity as she used to be. You see they are common, quite common, these days. You would not run the window to see one go by in this day and age."

## ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

The Chemiker Zeitung describes some experiments in the making of artificial diamonds. Carbon was heated in an atmosphere of inert gas in an iron flask raised to a high temperature by the electric arc. Bits the size of a pea were obtained having the hardness and crystalline form of a diamond. The crystals have a gray tint that makes them worthless for jewelry, but their use in drills seems to be promising. A French chemist has made minute diamonds by heating pure carbon under pressure.

## PALM AS PASSPORT.

The lines of no two human hands are exactly alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

## GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

Bessie, from Wayback, Attends a Musical Tea in New York.

Dearest Mamma—Would you ever think it? I have actually been to a musical tea given by the celebrated Sig. Italiano at his studio, near Carnegie Hall. I don't see why anybody says it's hard to get into New York society. Aunt Melinda went around to his studio a week ago to see about my taking vocal lessons, and lo and behold! she got an invitation for both of us to come to the tea. Easy, wasn't it? All the people were dead swell, and they didn't make the slightest attempt to conceal it.

Sig. Italiano made the tea himself on a gas stove behind a Chinese screen, and he also played the piano. His variations were lovely, but I couldn't quite catch the tune. He wears his hair very black and curly and has beautiful liquid eyes.

There was a lot of bowls on a table near the screen with little cakes and crackers and sandwiches in them, and when you wanted to eat anything you went up and got it, and an old lady gave you tea in a china cup. I overheard a young man saying it was the first Raines law musicale he had ever attended.

The big thing on the musical programme was Mlle. La Cranche, the famous soprano. Her real name, I found out, is Little McIntyre, and she used to live in Cheyenne. She has been in Europe to be trained, and Grau is crazy to get her. She said so herself. She weighs 180 pounds and she wore a red dress imported from Paris and cut low in the neck.

She sat in a chair in the furthest corner of the room, and whenever anybody spoke to her she said that she was worried to death for fear a draft would strike her and she would catch cold. She made Sig. Italiano get a shawl to put over her shoulders and then she said the room was too hot. They shut off the steam entirely for her, and pretty soon she began to shiver and asked for a glass of wine to warm her up. For an hour she kept most of the men in the room busy waiting on her, and finally it came her turn to sing.

Sig. Italiano to the piano, but she shook her head and wouldn't get up. He argued and pleaded, but it was no use. At last she got mad and spoke right out so that everybody could hear.

"I simply won't sing," she said, "and I can't. And it's a pity, too, for I'm in splendid voice. That woman over there with the yellow hair has given me the dikes. I never could sing a note with that shade of yellow in the room."

Then she burst into tears.

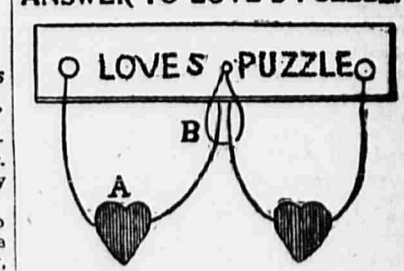
"The artistic temperament!" shouted Sig. Italiano. "The real artistic temperament! Sublime!"

I'm not sure what it all meant, but she didn't sing. Of course Aunt Melinda felt kind of bad about wearing the yellow waist, but how could she know that Mlle. La Cranche had fits? Your loving daughter, BESSIE, per Fred Nye.

## GAVE MEDICINE TO A TREE.

A curious example of superstition was made public the other day in the law courts of Berlin. A tree growing opposite the gateway of a farmer was noticed to be withering away. It was found that a deep hole had been bored in it, probably by some person who wished to kill it. As the tree somewhat incommoded the entrance to the farmer's house he was charged with the deed and fined. He, however, appealed and succeeded in proving that the hole had been bored by some superstitious person who believed that if illness attacked a household it can be driven away by "burying" it in a healthy tree. A hole is bored in the tree and all kinds of medicines are buried in the hole, which is then carefully stopped up, amid the singing of weird incantations. This could have been done by any superstitious person in the neighborhood, the farmer pointed out. The Judge acquitted him.

## ANSWER TO LOVE'S PUZZLE.



This is the answer to Love's Puzzle, which was published yesterday: First draw the heart A along the string through the loop B, until it reaches the back of the centre hole, then pull the loop through the hole, and pass the heart through the two loops that will then be formed; then draw the string back through the hole as before, and the heart may easily be passed to its companion.

## THE BIGGEST RAFT EVER.

Last week the largest lumber raft that ever drifted down the Mississippi finished its voyage of 700 miles at St. Louis.

The raft contained 14,000,000 feet of lumber—11,000,000 feet in the raft proper and 3,000,000 carried on top, known as top loading. This raft was 1,715 feet, or one-third of a mile long, and 227 feet wide. It had a depth of three feet. It was made up of 822 sections, known as cribs, each 15x32 feet, spliced together with planks. It was 52 cribs long and 16 cribs wide. If this lumber had been freighted down by train it would have filled 1,400 cars, making 28 trains of 50 cars each, or one train ten miles long, with 400 feet to spare. In the river, water-soaked, the raft and its top loading weighed about 56,000,000 pounds, or 28,000 tons.

The lumber is worth \$210,000. There were 22 men in the rafting expedition—boat crews, raftmen and officers.

## PARAFFIN FOR LAUNDRY.

Paraffin is a great saver of time and trouble in the laundry. On the day before washing soak the clothes in the ordinary way, well soaping the most soiled places. Next morning add to the water in the copper, when it boils, a quart of paraffin which has become yellow from lying by. Some people use a mixture of equal parts of clear lime water, paraffin and turpentine, shaken together till creamy, instead of paraffin alone, with excellent results. Soft water should always be used if possible.

## HARDY TREES.

The birch grows further north than any other tree. Next comes the Siberian larch, and then the fir.